# WINTER ROUELLE:

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A Drama,

IN FIVE ACTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1864 by HENRY ALBERT WHITNEY
in the Clerk's Office of the United States District Court of the Southern District of New York

26290

NEW YORK:
FRENCH & WHEAT, STEAM PRINTERS, No. 18 ANN STREET.

1864.

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THIS WORK

Is Respectfully Dedicated to

Pickering Clark, Esq.,

THE AUTHOR'S FRIEND.

*New York, August*, 1864.

# PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Winter Rouelle, } Ralph Claybrook,
Walter Barclay.
Claude Hamilton.
Adam Goodman.
Roger Delman.
Josiah Ruster.
Timothy Balsam.

Marion Hamilton.
Mrs. Barclay.
Nellie Barclay.
Dinah.
John.
Officer.
Sergeant.

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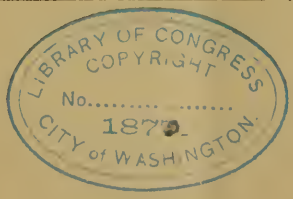


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# WINTER ROUELLE.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Near the banks of the Upper Potomac, on the Maryland side. A lawn; Northwood Hall in the distance* MARION HAMILTON, *while following a lonely path, suddenly pauses, and her eye becomes fixed on the ground before her.*

*Enter* ADAM GOODMAN, *with gun and game.*

*Good* [*Singing*] Oh, listen to the whippoorwill
Under the greenwood tree,
Singing so dolefully—
Heigho! here's Marion.

*Mar* Ah, 'tis Goodman; and pray, whither hast thou been, dear Adam?

*Good* My ways, Miss Marion, has been some'at divers, since parting with you. You see, I started up this gay fowl on the banks o' the Potomac yonder, and when I winged him, the pesky bird was obligin' enough to fall into the stream, near the shore. I jest waded in for't, when whiz, whiz, came a dozen Rebel bullets from the enemy's pickets, on the other side.

*Mar* I wish you were less venturesome, dear Adam.

*Good* Wal, Marion, I suppose I'd ought to be, and 'specially so since your brother Claude and Walter Barclay are off to battle for the stars and stripes, leaving you alone here at the Hall, under my protection.

*Mar* I have been thinking of them whilst I walked here on the lawn.

*Good* I thought you looked abstracted like, as I came up.

*Mar* I know not why, Adam, but my mind is o'ershadowed with dark forebodings.

*Good* Shake 'em off, Marion, and look on the bright side o' things, is my advice to you. I know how 'tis: Dame Nature's in her twilight robes, and your heart, in sympathy with her, has got a shadow on it.

*Mar* Perhaps 'tis even so, Goodman.

Methought, as I stood here not long ago, and viewed
The bright orb of day as it approached the horizon,
That 'twas the semblance of my destiny; the sun, my hopes.

At morn of life how radiant; for love and happiness
Then dwelt beneath our roof.
Alas! not many happy hours had flown on golden wings,
When blackest clouds obscured the brightness of my dreams.
My parents died—oh, how drear and dark the sky.
And yet, the mists were fled anon, and hope beamed forth anew.
I thought it would not change; but how vain the dream:
For now, the cloud of war divides me from the noble souls I love.
Here I stood, Adam, enraptured with the fading glory of the day,
But as the huge disc sank behind the golden-crested hills,
All gladness died within me.
I thought my fallen hope was doomed to rise again no more.

*Good* Cheer up, Marion, cheer up. By Jupiter, though, these chill autumnal nights do give one the damps.

*Mar* With saddened mind, I turned away,
And was rapidly returning to the Hall;
When, dread thought, as I reached this spot,
A loathsome viper seemed to coil itself before me,
And strike its poisonous fangs against my heart.

*Good* Ah, that was the thing you seemed intently gazin' at, as I saw ye from the varge o' yonder woods. Wal, Marion, whenever ye comes across the real critter, jest show me his pesky head, and I'm the one that'll twist it off instanter. But hark! what's this?

*Mar* 'Tis the clatter of hoofs.

*Good* Yas, sartin sure; there's a ho'sman comin' hither from the south'ard. Perhaps he's from camp, for he's dressed in war clothes. See, he's dismountin' at the barn, and tetherin' his hos. Now he comes up the lawn. Wal, I'll put my gun away, and be back here soon. [*Exit.*

*Enter* Captain Claybrook.

*Claybrook* I have the honor to address the heiress of Northwood Hall, Miss Hamilton, do I not?

*Mar* It is my name, sir.

*Clay* Then, although I am a stranger to yourself, I may presume to speak familiarly. I was your lamented father's classmate, when at college, and, it gives me pleasure to say, ever was his warmest friend. The name of Ralph Claybrook cannot, therefore, be unknown to you.

*Mar* My memory fails to recall it to mind; but this, sir, must not withhold you a cheerful welcome to the Hall. I must plead my sorrowful history in excuse. Doubtless, sir, you are aware that I lost my parents when very young?

*Clay* I am; and even now my eye grows tearful, as I think of your great misfortune.

*Mar* When you approached me, sir, as I wandered here upon the lawn, my heart, like the gardens yonder, which lately bloomed with fairest flowers, was desolate indeed.

*Clay* I regret to see these signs of our unfortunate war. In this locality, sad to say, Death now seems to be the only harvester.

*Mar* Yes, sir, it is true. Alas, ruin seemed to descend upon the grounds coeval with the departure of dear Claude, my brother, who is commissioned in the Union Army. Perhaps, sir, you have chanced to meet with him, for I perceive that the army is represented in yourself?

*Clay* I have; and it was my good fortune to join the Seventh Cavalry with Claude and Walter Barclay. Both have become my warmest friends, and reposed unlimited confidence in me.

*Mar* Why, this indeed is fortunate. What tidings bring you from them? They are not ill? You seem dejected, sir.

*Clay* Alas, that the task should be mine to renew thy sorrow.

*Mar* Do not hesitate, I pray you, sir; tell me the worst. And yet, how can I hear that fearful word? But no, they are not—are not dead?

*Clay* Dear lady, be not thus overcome. There is still great reason to hope for their safety, as you shall see. Last Monday night, Claude and Walter, attended by a few brave men, crossed the Rebel lines on a reconnoissance. Becoming separated, they soon lost track of one another. While endeavoring to rejoin your brother, Walter was discovered by the enemy, and retreating to the river, in he plunged, amid a shower of bullets. But his life seemed to be charmed, and though badly injured by a single shot, he gained the Maryland shore, and reaching camp, now lies there fast recovering.

*Mar* Heaven be praised. And my brother also escaped?

*Clay* It is not impossible; but his fate is still uncertain. Be not alarmed, however; for no sooner had darkness come than three trusty men disguised themselves as rebels, and hastened to his rescue. As they have not returned, it is surmised at camp that Claude may have been captured, and the men, having discovered his whereabouts, are now effecting his release.

*Mar* Is this my only hope? Oh, tell me, sir, what can I do to save him?

*Clay* You can do nothing, Marion; only wait, trusting in Providence. Believe me, no plan of rescue, that friendship could devise, has been left untried by his devoted and now unhappy comrades.

*Mar* Alas, my heart is stricken by this cruel blow—woe is me.

SCENE II.—*A drawing-room in Northwood Hall.* MARION, *beside a window, weeping.* CLAYBROOK, *apart from her, viewing two portraits; one of a gentleman, the other a lady. Betrays emotion as he views the first.*

*Clay* [*Aside, turning towards the other.*]

Oh, how I loved thee, Maud! In thee I lived,
My inmost soul, all my desires, by no other impulse moved,
And yet you slighted me! Again that hour of agony returns.
Oh, the wound was deep and struck too near my heart
To let my vengeful soul e'er countenance the smart.

But I concealed my misery, plotting in the night
To turn thy pride to anguish, and thus find my delight.
Time hath wrought its changes and bowed thy head,
While the sun on my fortune doth a brighter radiance shed.
Then, you sowed the wind and I was driven with the dust,
Now, thro' me, your Claude has reaped the whirlwind, as yonder fair one must,
And triumph is mine, without resort to skill,
For the way lies open and settled is my will.

MARION *approaches.*

But soft, I hear her step. [*Again viewing the first portrait.*
This is a portrait of your father, I perceive

*Mar* It is, sir. It was taken only a short time previous to his death.

*Clay* And the other?

*Mar* It represents my mother. I infer that you were not acquainted with her.

*Clay* No, Marion, I was not. I was called to Europe soon after leaving college, and it was my misfortune never to meet your father again. However, his frequent letters to me served to continue our friendship, and I thus learnt of his marriage. He must have loved your mother dearly.

*Mar* Most fondly, sir, and I oft delight to recall the pleasant scenes that my childhood witnessed. Nothing seemed wanting to perfect our happiness. At times, however, the deepest melancholy would fall upon my mother's mind. Alas, we knew not why.

*Clay* Did this affect your father's cheerful temper?

*Mar* It rather claimed his sympathy. He then was wont to clasp his arms around her neck and gently chide away her sorrow.

*Clay* His heart was ever pained to view another's grief, e'en though its cause were unknown to him! I was ever sure to find relief from trouble when Geoffry Hamilton was near me!

*Mar* Poor father! how I have mourned for thee! Alas, sir, his death was untimely.

*Clay* I was not then deceived; he died by an assassin's hand?

*Mar* Yes, he fell whilst passing through the forest near. I then was but a child, but my sorrow was as keen and deep as that my mother knew; alas, she yielded to it, and followed him soon after.

*Clay* This, indeed, is pitiful. Truly, misfortunes have not come singly upon you. But pardon me; I have thoughtlessly harrowed your fine sensibilities. Look forward, I pray you, to a happier future.

*Mar* I try to be hopeful, sir, though my life seems wed to sorrow. Yet, I will not now obtrude my grief, when my father's friend may rightly claim a better entertainment. [*Exit* MARION.

*Clay* Oh, lovely innocence, there goest thou!
How sad to pluck so fair a flower
Whilst drooping 'neath the dews of sorrow.
Shall I forbear?

My wounded heart cries, no, press on,
Though all the angels on me frown,
And time presses.
Then hie me to the trysting-place on yonder mount,
And meeting Roger Delman, learn of the fate of Claude.
If he be dead, and this I do not doubt,
I will be here again within the hour,
And fetters forge for Marion.
At midnight, Goodman shall die !

*Enter* MARION.

*Mar* I have directed Goodman to stable your horse, Captain Claybrook, and prepared refreshments for yourself ; and again I bid you welcome here.

*Clay* I thank you for your kindness, but do protest ; I supped while on the way. However, as 'tis now so late, I will accept your further hospitalities and remain till morn. My steed, I know, needs rest. You are attended, I perceive, by faithful servants.

*Mar* At the present time, I have but one ; and he, I can justly say, is rightly named

*Clay* Goodman, I think you called him.

*Enter* GOODMAN.

*Good* At yer sarvice, Cap'n. I've come to tell ye that yer hos is in his crib, with as good a bait before him as ever beast sot grinders to. He's a right smart hos, with a power o' strength an' good in a cal'vry charge, I reckon.

*Clay* True, Adam, his points are good.

*Good* Air ye goin' to stay here long, Cap'n ?

*Mar* You forget your customary manners, Goodman.

*Good* Wal, I was thinkin' 'twas about time to lock up the shanty for the night, else 'taint safe here, you know.

*Clay* I am reminded that I must further prey upon your kindness, Miss Hamilton. An important duty calls me out this evening.—Barratier, our colonel, desired me to convey a message to the soldiers stationed just above here, near the river's banks. Therefore, if my departure and return will not disturb your household rules, I'll leave you for awhile.

*Good* Shall you want your hos, Cap'n ?

*Clay* No, Goodman, I have not far to go. [*To* MARION.] I presume you will have gone to rest ere I return. May you slumber in peace, and, forgetful of your troubles, think of the happiness which I doubt not is in store for you. Good night.

*Mar* Good night. [*Exit* CLAYBROOK.

*Good* Tell ye what, Marion, I've been thinkin' on what you told me about Claude and Walter, when we met outside, and it strikes my eye that things looks suspicious.

*Mar* Suspicious ! In what respect, Adam ?

*Good* Why, if this Cap'n is really an old friend o' the family, and has met Claude at camp, the question as rises is, wouldn't your brother have spoken on't it in his letters ?

*Mar* True, Adam ; I had not thought of this.

*Good* And more'n that, Marion, I don't like his phiz. I watched him close, and saw a settled look o' devilment in that black eye o' his'n.

*Mar* Oh, do not judge him so severely, Goodman. His deeds have presaged the kindness of his heart, and I think him worthy of my confidence.

*Good* There, that's jest like ye, Marion. You think everybody's as innocent as you be, jest because they looks like gentlemen and can talk good English.

*Mar* In every bush we find not thorns.

*Good* Nor every bull doth carry horns. Nevertheless, it's always best to receive the professions o' strangers with a due amount o' caution, and 'specially so in these most troublous times. Now, mark me, Marion ; beware of this pretended friend ; watch him closely. Yet have no fears of him whilst I am near you ; for my promise to your mother is remembered yet ; I will protect you, and palsied be that arm that lifts itself againt thee ! Good night.

*Mar* Good night. [*Exit* GOODMAN.

SCENE III.—*A room at Woodlawn Cottage, where* MRS. BARCLAY *and* NELLIE, *her daughter, are discovered.*

*Mrs. Barclay* I think, Nellie, that Claude and Walter must have been in action lately ; else, ere now, another line were here. Nearly a week has passed since this letter was received.

*Nellie* Only a week, mother ; to me it seems an age. Oh dear, how the time drags on ; and not only this, but I see no signs of a change for the better.

*Mrs. B.* Speak not of this, my child, but try and be cheerful, looking forward to that happy moment when our national peace may be restored, and with it our loved ones.

*Nellie* I am the easier persuaded to when I think of the situation of dear Marion. It must be so lonesome there, at the Hall, even though its gloomy shades be lighted by the presence of the ever cheerful Goodman.

*Mrs. B.* It cannot be otherwise, and she ought not to persist in remaining there, for we have often urged her to come and live with us at Woodlawn

*Nellie* Yes, mother, and then the singular girl gravely proceeds to enumerate the various means of entertainment, for a young lady, that the Hall can boast. Music, books and picture-clad walls ; a fickle argument, I tell her, for these are not wanting here.

*Mrs. B.* I think that we had better visit her to-morrow, and, by gentle means, enforce obedience, for there is danger in the place. True, Adam is courageous, but I fear that he might prove unequal if numbers should assail ; whereas, with us, who have William, John, and last, but by no means least, the ever loyal Cæsar for our allies, the case is quite different.

*Nellie* By his barking, the last-named of our brave defenders would seem, even now, to announce the approach of some benighted wanderer or lurking foe. Far down the lawn, near the woods, I can just discern an approaching horseman. A friend, too, it must be, or Cæsar, who has reached there, would fail to give that joyous welcome.

*Mrs. B.* Why, 'tis Walter, Nellie ; he alights and approaches.

*Nellie* And Claude not with him ?

*Enter* WALTER BARCLAY.

Oh, brave and dearest of brothers, how joyed am I at this surprise.

*Walter* This, dear Nellie, shall be the token of my pleasure. Mother dear, a kiss. This is happiness indeed.

*Nellie* Then wherefore are thy looks so sad, dear brother ?

*Wal* Alas, I feel so.

*Nellie* Walter. I fear that Claude is—

*Mrs. B.* Oh, Walter, you have been injured : this frightful wound.

*Wal* Be calm, mother, it is not serious ; in fact, 'tis a mere bruise, which has already received the kind attention of our surgeon, whose extreme caution has alone kept me confined at camp, when I otherwise should have been active. Not till this afternoon could I succeed in escaping his vigilance, and obtaining a furlough, hasten hither in less pain of body than of mind. I will tell you all. Crossing the river last Monday night, with a few tried men, Claude and myself being in command, we encountered, near the river, superior numbers of the enemy, and in the brisk skirmish which ensued, though the ground was disputed inch by inch, we were overpowered. All hearts were true to the colors which we bore. I cannot say more. Alas, that I should live to say that I alone escaped !

*Nellie* Oh, Claude ! and shall we never meet again ?

*Wal* If he be gone, Nellie, his death was glorious.

*Mrs. B.* Alas ! and is this thy glory, war ?
Oh, thy lsutre dims with the salt tears shed
In memory of the fallen brave.
Oh, thou hast spread more sorrow through the land,
More fond hearts doomed to life-long pilgrimage,
Than can e'er be chronicled.
Poor Claude.

*Walter* Do not despair, but be hopeful still,
For Claude, not slain, may only have been captured.
Acting on this belief, Colonel Barratier,
Adopting the advice of Claybrook, our senior captain,
Has despatched one Roger Delman,
With a pair as true as he,
Across the river to his rescue.

*Nellie* And have they not returned ?

*Walter* No, and on this ground rests our hope.

*Nellie* Oh, would that I were with thee, Claude.

*Walter* Your words reproach me, Nellie.

Oh, coward that I am! Why am I here?

*Nellie* Brother, no, you wrong yourself,
For thy wounds have kept thee
From stern duty's call.

*Walter* Alas, a heavier task awaits me,
For I must see dear Marion to-night,
And unfold the dreadful truth to her.
Poor girl; I pity thee!

*Mrs. B.* No, not to-night, Walter;
The hour is late, and in the lonesome wood
Which lies 'twixt here and Northwood Hall,
'Tis dangerous to pass alone.

*Walter* Danger! Mother, thy words are daggers to me,
For they call me, as indeed I am, timorous.

*Nellie* But these scars, dear Walter,
This sword, these epaulettes, won by thy bravery alone,
The implied charge deny.
Then tarry here to-night, brother,
For Marion ere now has gone to rest;
Then, at dawn, we'll hasten there together,
And rehearse what you have told,
Sad task.

*Walter* If you will it so, I must obey.

*Mrs. B.* Come with us, Walter,
To the dining-room, and refresh yourself.

*Walter* I'll follow, mother; Nellie, come.

SCENE IV.—*A thickly wooded mountain, near the Potomac. In the background, a cave. The light obscure.*

*Enter* CLAYBROOK.

*Clay* Ha, a place most fit for scheming;
Lonesome, dark, and still. No, the gloomy owl above me,
Screeching his discontent, e'en now doth wing his heavy flight,
Which yon gaping cliff resounds.
But hist! Ha! Delman?

*Enter* ROGER DELMAN.

*Del* He.

*Clay* Alone?

*Del* No other.

*Clay* Good Roger, thou'rt welcome.
What progress hast thou made?
But hold; my caution bids thee stay,

*Enters the Cave.*

For other than the dull ear of night
May give audience to our speech.
*Del* A little over cautious, Captain,
For of Eve's children, save us,
Who d'ye think could find his way
To this dark hole?
*Clay* True, true, Roger.
Then be it as it may;
So tell me, what has been done?
*Del* With whom?
The sapling hath been stricken;
The clouds have wept tears;
For whom?
*Clay* To the point, sirrah. No dallying!
I speak of Claude Hamilton.
*Del* In faith, thou'rt quick to-night, Captain;
But list; he no longer lives.
His body, riddled by a dozen bullets,
Now lies beneath the sod!
*Clay* Ha! Speak ye the truth, Delman?
Dead! So soon anchored in eternity?
But tell me; how was it brought about?
*Del* In this wise, Captain:
Disguised as rebels, which we are in heart,
The stripes and stars upholding, but the bars adoring,
My companions and I, on Monday night,
Soon reached the rebel camp.
Your letter to Colonel Trellon our errand soon made known,
And imagine our surprise to learn that Claude
Was even then a captive in his hands.
His fate was sealed; and with my advice
He caused the execution yesternight.
*Clay* Your proof.
*Del* This—a letter for his sister;
'Twas penned by Claude an hour before his death;
And here's the ring he sealed it with.
*Clay* 'Tis well; I'll keep them for Marion,
Who, ere the lapse of forty hours, perforce or otherwise,
Becomes my wife. Hist! what noise is this?
Heard you that sound, Delman?
*Del* Methinks, Captain, your too nice sense deceives you.
No, you're right; but 'twas merely the quick start of some unquiet bird.
Closely attend your ear and you still may hear its flight.
And is the girl as fair as Dame Rumor hath her pictured?
*Clay* Aye, lovely as all excellence,
And fit for the consort of a royal Jove.
Her countenance is fair and bright with beauty's glory;
An eye that beams with dreamy light

And brings sweet tumults to the one it gazes on ;
Her cheeks are like the blushing rose,
But her lips find no comparison in ruby or vermilion.
Or teeth in pearls, or neck in alabaster ;
A voice that chimes rich music to the soul,
And would entrance the nightingale ;
A form where the gentle graces vied to outdo one another,
And have mingled divinity and charms
With fairest substance. All this, a golden temple
On whose altar I anon shall lay this tender heart.

*Del* Time and war agreeing.

*Clay* And they do. But what said Colonel Trellon ?

*Del* He assents, for the *coup de main*,
By you projected on the camp of Barratier,
Seemed feasible to him ; and in accordance with your plans,
To-morrow night he leads an overwhelming force
Upon the accursed Yankees.

*Clay* If the stratagem succeeds, Delman,
And doubt not that it will, then comes your reward,
For a Captain's commission shall be thine.
So serve me well. See, Thursday is to-morrow,
And at dawn meet me at Northwood Hall—
It is yon gloomy mansion by the moonlight shown—
And there learn my commands ;
Be active, Roger, for there's work in hand,

*Del* Come what may, Captain, I'm ready for't ;
And trust me, nothing shall fail through my short-comings.
[*Exit* DELMAN.

*Clay* All goes well.
Back then to Northwood Hall,
And devise a way to overthrow old Goodman,
So that, when morning comes,
There'll be no drawback to my art
In laying siege to Marion's heart. [*Exit.*

*A muffled figure emerges from the cave.*

* * * * * * Do I still live, or, dread thought,
Have I passed death's portal,
And reached some awful mountain
In the realms of darkness and of rage,
Where damned ghosts keep holiday ?
I look o'er heaven's blue vault, and I am answered.
Then, 'tis thus : Charybdis' gulf I have escaped,
But now I'm fallen into Scylla.
Oh, what villainy is this !
Overcome with hardship, here I paused an hour ago, to rest ;
But now, I'm strong again !
And here, by the pure heavens above me,
With reverence I swear to banish all repose
Till earth is purged of these infernal dregs.
But not to the Hall ; 'tis to Woodlawn first I'll speed ;
'Tis there I'll find a sword. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*Midnight. A chamber in Northwood Hall, where* GOODMAN *is discovered in the rear, asleep.*

*Enter* CLAYBROOK, *cautiously.*

*Clay* [*Standing over him*] Asleep!
Oh, fickle state of miserable man;
For when, perchance, thou dream'st of love and glory,
A dagger rips out thy heart.
But I will spare thee, Goodman;
For not thy life but liberty I fear:
Thus, then, I bar thy tongue and fetter thee.
[*Gags and binds him.*
Ha, subdued without a blow; 'tis well.
Now Marion, fair child of beauty,
Thour't in my power—mine;
Therefore, deal gently with me on the morrow,
Or thou art doomed to grief, to misery and woe.
[*Exit* CLAYBROOK.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A room in Northwood Hall.*

*Enter* ROGER DELMAN.

*Del* Claybrook! Ha, not here.
But 'tis well; for I'll the time improve
With a bumper from yon sideboard,
And prove my claims to a title I have won,
Sir Brandy Peach. Ha, it hath a flavor fine,
And smacks of age, as doth our fiery Captain.
But hold, he comes.

*Enter* CLAYBROOK.

*Clay* Ah, good Roger, welcome, and receive my praise,
For thou art true to th' appointed hour.
So you've dropped the Confederate uniform,
Which you wore last night,
And donned the Federal shoddy.
Well thought of, Roger; but say,
How goes it with you?
*Del* Indeed, right smart am I,
And ripe for mischief, Captain.
*Clay* To our work, then, without delay.
Do you know Squire Ruster, Delman?

*Del* Ruster? Ruster? What, old Joe Ruster,
Who lives just eastward of the mount?
*Clay* 'Tis the same—the same,
Save that his name's Josiah.
*Del* I know him, then; and a queer old knave, too, is he.
*Clay* True, very true, Delman;
He is a leech, and his quiet boring
Would exhaust a Christian's patience.
But how chanced you to meet with him?
*Del* Oh, I've often been there to see his man.
*Clay* So much the better, Delman;
This jibes well; I need him also.
Now, hark ye: I want this twaddling Ruster
To make our lady mine. He's in my service,
And I bid you see him privately this morning,
And engage his presence here 'gainst our return from camp.
Whither we both must speed when this is done,
To pave the way for Trellon's victory.
That over, we'll haste back here together,
And I being wed, will cross the river with my prize.
Here's for Ruster, and hark ye,
Tell him I'll brook no dallying.
Now for his man; what can you say for him?
*Del* For what purpose do you want him?
*Clay* Why, to dog the steps of Marion Hamilton,
During our absence.
*Del* Then he's the man for you;
He's cautious and trustworthy, and will do your bidding well.
*Clay* I look for more than this;
Is he strong, hazardous and iron-hearted?
*Del* Ay, sir, as bold and ugly as a savage,
And like an ox in strength.
He's stoutly built; is deep in the chest
And measures two feet three 'twixt the shoulders.
He's odds for two ordinary men.
But suppose young Barclay should get a furlough,
And, while we're away, come over here to see the girl;
What then?
*Clay* There's nothing to be feared on that score;
When I left camp, his wounds confined him to the hospital,
Which he could not leave for days, the surgeon told me.
The field is clear, Delman, and so you get the man,
All goes well.
*Del* I'm off then, Captain, and you shall see him soon.
[*Exit* DELMAN.
*Clay* Good luck betide your efforts—
List! the sound of music falls on my ear.
Ah, 'tis Marion, within the drawing-room.
I'll hasten thither, and the truth disclose;
And, mourning for her brother's death,
Soon turn her thoughts to love. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A drawing-room.* MARION *seated at a piano.*

*Enter* CLAYBROOK.

*Clay* Good morning.
*Mar* [*Arising*] Good morning, Captain Claybrook.
*Clay* I pray you, do not blame me
For having thus disturbed you ;
For, hearing the plaintive melody of your voice,
I was, as it were, drawn hither without forethought ;
The music so accorded with the sorrow of my heart.
I'd thank you, Marion, to repeat the ditty.
*Mar* It is one my mother often sung.
*Clay* [*Looking at the portrait.*]
How gentle, fair and beautiful, is she ;
The brow, I perceive, is slightly touched with sorrow.
*Mar* It was so in life.
And, in this, I feel that I resemble her.
*Clay* Perchance her gentle spirit hovers o'er us now,
And mourns your great afflictions. [MARION *plays the ditty.*
Receive my heartfelt thanks,
For I feel much calmer in my mind,
And find the composure which I need
To tell you that your brother's fate,
No longer rests in doubt.
It is with intense grief of mind,
That I—be calm, I pray you, Marion.
*Mar* Alas, I cannot ;
My heart is fearful and oppressed.
*Clay* Would that I might relieve it,
But, unhappy fate, this cannot be ;
This letter, Marion ; 'tis from Claude.
*Mar* Oh, Heaven, spare me ;
I am distracted. Read it.
*Clay* [*Reads.*] "Dear Marion : I have fallen in the hands of the enemy, and my fate is sealed. Oh, Marion, and is this the last, last time that I can e'er address you ? 'Tis hard ; but I am comforted —I will meet death bravely. Adieu, adieu forever, CLAUDE."
[MARION *sinks upon a chair.*
*Clay* Would, Marion, that I could mitigate thy sorrow.
Yet why should we be unduly sad ?
He has only gone before and met the lot of nature ;
Death. And why should it be feared ?
'Tis but the cold, the dreary boundary of life,
The goal we all attain.
[*After a pause.*] It is wrong, dear Marion,
Thus to call in question the providence of our Creator.
You should remember, too, that his soul's not dead,
But, now happy, lives in the eternal resting place
With the God who gave it. Would you call it back
To these abodes of infirmity and sin ?

Rather let us look forward to the hour of reunion
With him, and those we've loved and lost.

*Mar* Oh, kind sir, my mind refuses consolation;
It would have retirement.

*Clay* And in solitude it will be more miserable.
But I will leave you, for your pleasure is my duty.
[*He turns away, and pauses.*
[*Aside.*] 'Tis a sorry time to play the lover;
But the morn is fast waning, and I am needed elsewhere,
Then to it again, for, by the gods,
I will not go till I've declared my purposes,
How deep soe'er her grief!
And I am goaded on: 'twas in these halls,
'Twas in this very room, I was repulsed by Maud!
[*To* MARION.] Oh, Marion, there is a monitor within
That bids me stay and comfort thee,
And yet, 'tis not the voice of sympathy, though great is mine,
But to me it seems like—love!

*Mar* [*Arising.*] I do not penetrate your meaning, Captain Claybrook.

*Clay* 'Tis said Marion, that 'twixt heart and heart,
There is communion in the hour of joy and gladness;
'Tis thus in sorrow, save that the sympathy is more intense,
And now, it is this that draws my heart towards thine,
And, when I view your unprotected state,
Bids me proffer you my love!

*Mar* Captain Claybrook, in this sad hour, perhaps, like myself,
You act and speak without calm reason's guidance.
Will you explain?

*Clay* Oh, let the silent voice of thine own virtue tell thee,
For 'tis this that hath enslaved my heart.
Long have I wandered o'er the world and mingled
With the beauteous and the fair, my heart unmoved by all.
Here I came, and the light of thy exalted nature
Hath inflamed my soul with a passion deep and true.
In vain I struggle with the yoke of mighty love,
And here, Marion, it bows me down before thee, praying for thy pity. [*He kneels.*
Oh, let me live in serving thee!
Do not doom me to despair!

*Mar* Sir, I am amazed!
With me, this is an hour of mourning.

*Clay* Deeper, oh, deeper, is my misery.
With me, Marion, it is an hour of anguish and of woe,
And see! 'tis to your brother's memory,
These scalding tears now flow. [*After a pause.*
But I would have the vine of love entwine itself around thy grief,
And mingle flowers with the leaves of gloom and desolation.

*Mar* Monster! do you mock my anguish?
I will away from thee.

*Clay* No, by all that's good, ye shall not leave me thus.
My passion merits thine, and will not be denied.
*Mar* Unnatural being, thou,
Why thus do you torment me? Why came ye here?
*Clay* To sigh and woo, perchance; if not, to be revenged!
But listen and I'll tell thee why.
Long years ago there lived in Northwood Hall,
A girl of extreme loveliness—she seemed so innocent and true.
There were rivals for her hand; both matched in fortune and in name.
But one was of a daring, and the other, a gentler nature.
Her choice seemed given to the first, and he, poor fool!—
Cursed love, I hate thee now!—was mad, delirious with joy.
But, at last, in one mad hour, the faithless being broke the sacred spell,
And dared to spurn him from her.
Ere long his rival led her to the altar and they were wed.
For this the wronged one swore he'd lacerate her heart,
And pall the other's hopes in ruin and despair.
Then, however, to cover his deep laid designs
He feigned to humbly bear his fate,
And leaving them he sought a northern city.
Time passed on and still he thought of retribution,
And with delight he learnt that the marriage had proved fruitful.
Now would the harvest greater be!
*Mar* Oh, spare me, spare me,
I would not listen further.
Have mercy, I pray you.
*Clay* Mercy! it doth not harbor in my soul.
My heart, like ore from the mine,
Once passed the crucible of woe and came forth steel.
And this, Marion, was the handiwork of thy mother.
*Mar* Of my mother?
*Clay* Aye, of Maud Hamilton, thy mother,
Whose faithless nature you have heard described
In the tale I have narrated.
The wronged one, your father's enemy, is before you,
And now he seeks——
*Mar* Oh, Heaven; you have deceived me!
Your name is not Claybrook; you are——
*Clay* Aye, blench not; 'tis Winter Rouelle,
Thy enemy, and now I seek——
*Mar* Oh, do not say revenge.
*Rouelle* Nay, for that already have I sated.
For they drained the cup of sorrow to its very dregs, as you well know.
Therefore, 'tis not revenge, but your fair hand I seek,
And now demand in speedy marriage. [*After a pause.*
You asked me why I came here.

You have been answered.
Now, to my honorable offer, I await your response.
*Mar* Honor! alas, deadlier than the canker to the rose,
Ay, than death itself, hath thy honor proved.
Sir, honor aims not to humble, but defends the weak.
It wrongs not the innocent, but is compassionate,
And weeps to see the woes of the hopeless and distressed.
Thy love! Oh, love seeks not to blight,
But sheds sweet comfort, like gentle dews, upon the wasted heart.
Perfidy is not its glory,
For it is the champion of gentleness and truth,
Wielding its celestial power against deceit and wrong;
Nay, it scorns to grasp with iron hand
When purity, forlorn, shrinks trembling from its touch.
Sir, I believed you were a gentleman. I am deceived.
Go, therefore. I'm not the lowly subject of thy power!
*Rou* Most proudly said; and for this I love thee more.
Yes, I'll go, but not repining; for thy scorn shall not avail.
List ye: against the meshes which my craft
Hath fixed around thee, thine arm is powerless.
Of thy liberty, this house is now the sphere;
For a minion stands by to watch thy every step.
Thy friends are all cut off from thee;
And the servant in whom you trusted
Has found an endless rest. Do not blench:
But hope for no pity, for no pity have you shown.
Tears melt not the snows of Appenine, nor shall thine this icy heart.
And now, fair regent of my soul,
I farewell bid thee till the morrow.
Then, at early dawn, I'll claim thee for my bride.
[*Exit* ROUELLE.
*Mar* He bars the door.
Oh, Heaven, what shall I do?
Adam, oh, Adam, save me!
No answer. I am lost, lost!
Oh, Claude, Walter--oh, woe—woe is me.

SCENE III.—*A room at Woodlawn Cottage.*

*Enter* MRS. BARCLAY *and* NELLIE, *from opposite directions.*

*Nellie* Good morning, mother.
*Mrs. B.* Good morning, Nellie.
*Nell* Oh, mother, the night has been so long;
I have not slept, thinking of Claude.

*Mrs. B.* Be sad no longer, Nellie,
For the morn has brought us joy.
I have good tidings for you : Claude still lives.
*Nell* He lives ! Oh, tell me, mother, is he near ?

*Enter* DINAH.

*Dinah* Masr's sleepin' easy now ;
But, Lord, missus, his face's as pale as de snow,
And he wander in his mind.
Oh, may de Lord save poor Marion, he say.
*Nell* How strangely Dinah talks.
Has Claude returned ? Oh, tell me.
*Mrs. B.* Yes, Nellie, Heaven has restored him to us ;
And even now he sleeps beneath this roof.
But stay, dear child.
*Din* Yes, missus, don't go nigh 'im now,
If you's gwine to kiss and hug 'im ;
For de doctor's been, and says he must hab quiet.
*Nell* It is so strange. When happened this ?
*Mrs. B.* I will tell you, Nellie.
Long ere the dawn of morning, Walter left the house,
And wandering through the forest near, he met poor Claude.
But how changed was he since their last parting :
His uniform was tattered, and his frightful look
Was like a maniac's ; and mad he seemed,
Crying for help to rescue Marion from treachery's toils.
*Nell* It is very strange.
*Mrs. B.* At first, he could not move ;
But soon, with Walter's aid, he gained the house,
And his mind becoming clear, he quickly told his great misfortunes.
He had been captured by the enemy.
And, through a foul plot of Captain Claybrook and his accomplice, Delman,
He was condemned to suffer death ;
But, as by a miracle, he slipped their hands,
And flying northward from the rebel camp,
On Wednesday night he crossed the river
At the ford a mile above the Hall.
Unable to proceed, he paused to rest at the cave close by ;
But scarcely had he entered, when familiar voices echoed on his ear.
His enemies were near again : 'twas Claybrook and Roger Delman.
They had met there by appointment ; and rehearsing their fearful crimes,
Claybrook was assured of Claude's destruction,
Which was evidenced by a note addressed by him to Marion.
And now, believing him dead, the demon aims to ruin her.

*Nell* Oh, mother, where is Walter? he must save her.
*Mrs. B.* Be calm: you have not heard me through.
Marion still is safe, I hope; for Claybrook, traitor to his country,
Has planned an onset for the mid hour of to-night
Upon the camp of Colonel Barratier, whither he soon must speed;
And, perchance, on this issue had hung the fate of Marion,
If Claude had not returned.
*Nell* Was he discovered by them?
*Mrs. B.* No; for weak and quite unarmed,
He knew he could not cope with them alone,
And checking his resentment till at last they parted,
He left the cave, and was coming here for aid,
When, in the dark forest near, he stumbled in his course,
And, in agony of pain and passion, fainted;
Thus your brother found him; but anon he brought him hither,
And drawing forth the truth from Claude, has flown to Marion's aid.
*Din* And Lord, missus, didn't he look savage?
He grabbed his sword up, sayin',
I'll go and stab de willain to de heart's blood:
And he would have done it, if missus hadn't stopped him.
*Mrs. B.* I persuaded him to proceed with caution,
And, though fretting at delay,
He promised to procure the aid the law affords,
And for this purpose has hastened to 'Squire Ruster's.
*Nell* Alas, I fear that much is yet amiss.
Poor Marion: how I do pity her.
And Claude, mother, I must see him.
*Mrs. B.* Come, Nellie, we'll go there together;
And allay his fears, if he awakes, for he is hopeless. [*Exit.*

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A pasture.* TIMOTHY BALSAM, *hoeing.*

*Enter* 'SQUIRE RUSTER.

*Ruster* Oh, Timothy, now just see what you've done; my best pants are badly soiled, and, I might say, they're very wet.
*Timothy* An sure 'Squire I didn't see yees coming whin I threw the vines.

*Rust* Be more careful with the next. Timothy, Timothy, you must strike your hoe a little wider and a little deeper for it is the natural inclination of this variety of potato to spread ; aye, and to root very low in the soil.

*Tim* Niver a one has escaped me eye. An' sure, who could be afther catchin' Timothy Balsam wid his'n closen ?

*Rust* Oh, Timothy, you are heedless. See there, now, you've cut in two that fine, and I might say symmetrical specimen of the vegetable order

*Tim* Niver mind, the cuts will hale an' make good seed.

*Rust* Timothy, you should wield your hoe more in accordance with the great principles of philosophy ; that is to say, let the handle be nearly parallel with the ground. Thus :

*Tim* An' sure, who's a goin' to stoop an' break his back for a few pratees ? The divil take ye parallils. I'll not stoop for yees ; niver ! I got a livin' beforent I iver saw the likes of yees, and I can find another place where folks is less onrasinable. Have me stoop double, an' sure !

*Rust* No, Timothy, hold, you must not leave me thus. I have done well by you, and I know you will not be ungrateful.

*Tim* Ongrateful is it ? The divil take yees ! Haven't I arned me pay as much as iny ither mon ?

*Rust* Yes, but beware how you threaten to leave my service. The law is with me here, and if you go, I'll have a capias on thee.

*Tim* A capias is it ? An' whot is that, sure ?

*Rust* It's virtue puts thee in the clutches of the law.

*Tim* Bedad, ye old villain, I'll have ye, thin. Me fists is capiasses and you are in me grip. Take this :

*Rust* Oh, don't, don't, good Timothy ; you hurt. Please let me go.

*Tim* Will ye iver put a capias on me ?

*Rust* Never.

*Tim* Thin quit ye blarney, and lave me.

*Rust* Will you resume your hoeing, Timothy, and be mindful that you do not injure the potatoes ?

*Tim* Niver mind that, but lave me, or I'll send me duke a flyin' on yer posy smeller. [*Exit* RUSTER.

*Enter* DELMAN.

*Del* Hallo, Balsam ; hard at work I find you, though the sun's not high.

*Tim* An' faix, 'tis Misther Dilman. The top o' the mornin' to yees. It's a long while since.

*Del* Yes, Tim, I've been fighting for our country.

*Tim* Faix, I've thought mesilf I'd rather use a musket than a hoe.

*Del* I've better work than either for ye, Tim. It's rough, but there's money in it.

*Tim* I takes, Misther Dilman ; its throat cuttin' that ye wants of mees.

*Del* Aye, if worst comes to worst, though I think there'll be no need. Are you ready ?

*Tim* Yis, oncet I have me grip on me shillaleh.

*Del* Then be in waiting here for me whilst I go and see the 'squire. Is the old man in the house?

*Tim* He is that.

*Del* I shall look for you soon, Tim, and hope to find you ready.

*Tim* I'll be on the spot, sir. [*Exit* DELMAN.

SCENE II.—*An office. The* 'SQUIRE, *seated at a table, writing.*

*Enter* ROGER DELMAN.

*Del* Good morning, 'Squire.

*Rust* I believe that I have had the pleasure to address you before.

*Del* Yes; my name is Delman. I have come here direct from your old friend, Captain Claybrook, who is, or rather soon will be, in need of your assistance.

*Rust* I am the man for him, for I am deep in logic and profound in argument. In what way can I serve him?

*Del* This night he wants you, nay, commands you, to be at Northwood Hall, prepared to wed him to the girl he loves.

*Rust* Ah, yes, to legalize a marriage. Sir, marriage, according to the best judges, signifies the lawful union of man and woman. I might divide this subject into divers branches and treat of each *ad infinitum;* but I will only say that the ceremony was instituted in a state of innocence, for the better preservation thereof, and is one of the great rights of human nature. Aye, sir, I repeat it, 'tis one of the great rights of human nature! And let me prove this, for perspicuity by argument is made more apparent.

*Del* Beg your pardon, sir, but I have no time to listen. I don't dispute what you have said.

*Rust* An instant, good sir. It is my wish that you assure the said Claybrook that his request shall be complied with. But hark! who comes now? I hear the sound, or I might say tread, of a rapidly approaching step.

*Del* By the oath I swear by, 'tis Walter Barclay! He leaps the ground and is coming in. Now, Ruster, guard well your speech.—But hold, where can I hide? Quick, be quick!

*Rus* Here, in this closet. But what's the matter?

*Del* Nothing, if you do as I direct you. He is the enemy of Claybrook; and I charge you promise him whatever he demands, and so you keep him here but twenty minutes, all will yet be well. The moment he's engaged with you, I'll slip out unseen, and then, his life is surely bound to spring the trap I'll soon prepare for him.—He's knocking at the door; admit him.

*Enter* WALTER BARCLAY.

*Wal* Mr. Ruster, I presume.

*Rus* You say truth, young man. The Rusters, of Fairfax, were

my forefathers ; and I, Josiah Ruster, Esquire, am an expounder and dispenser of the law.

*Wal* Then, without delay, please issue me a writ. One Captain Claybrook is the guilty man ; murder is the crime.

*Rus* Are you quite sure of this ?

*Wal* I will affirm to it.

*Rus* Where did you learn this ?

*Wal* The story's briefly told. Last night, Claybrook and his accomplice, Delman, met by appointment at the cave on yonder mountain, and thinking themselves alone, loudly discussed their fearful crimes. They were overheard.

*Rus* Are you the only person cognizant of what you heard there ?

*Wal* I have not told it to another. From the place I heard it straightway came I here. [*Exit* DELMAN.

*Rus* Well, I'll grant thee a writ, young man. [*He procures a blank paper, and returns to* WALTER.] Unto you, young man, be it known by these presents Before you stands Josiah Ruster. I am well descended, my ancestral tree bending, as you see, beneath the weight of statesmen, generals, poets and lawyers. I myself, as I have before informed you, am a justice of the peace and expounder of the law. For this was I born. Laws were made to govern the world, for the world is vicious, and must have laws and dispensers of justice ; and in short, to be brief and in a word, without them the rogues would have the game in their own hands. Furthermore, till mankind shall see fit to mend, laws and expounders of laws there must be ; but, to put it in a nutshell, according to all the wisest, the great rule of rules and general law of laws, is to follow and obey the laws and customs of the country where he is.

*Wal* Where *who* is ?

*Rus* Ah, yes, good youth, my words provoke the question. I mean every man generally, and Claybrook particularly. He is now amenable to the law. Young man, the law not only has limbs and sprigs, but eyes, and in the said eyes of the law he is now guilty of a henious, and I might say, a capital offence. Our laws are excellent. We get the idea of the system, the same as we do that of paper making, from the bees, the busy little bees, who, as the poet says, improve each shining hour and live in harmony together. Their maxims of state are admirable, and stand upon the profoundest policy imaginable, and their government and political economy are well known to us. Young man, do you follow the delicate train of my argument ?

*Wal* I do, and I am enlightened, sir. Your speech is most judicious and well timed ; but I'd thank you, sir, not to delay me longer ; the writ.

*Rus* Oh, yes, I had quite forgotten ; I will prepare it for you. [*He becomes seated at the table, but again arises.*] Young man, it becomes my duty to inform you that writs vary exceedingly in their form, or, I might say, tenor. There be writs of *capias ad satisfactiendum*, where the sheriff is commanded to take the offender at all hazards ; then there is the writ of *fieri facias*, which lieth for debt or damages

as well against executors or administrators as any other man ; and again there be writs of error, of *elegit*, of *audita querela*, of— ·

*Wal* Hold ! I grow impatient !

*Rus* Ah ! yes, good youth ; impatience may be defined as that feeling which proceedeth from delays. On this head, my Lord Bacon justly observes : there is surely no greater wisdom than well to time the beginnings and onsets of things, for occasion turneth a bald noddle after she hath once presented her locks in front and no hold taken ! In my opinion there is——

*Wal* Cease, babbler ! all my respect for you is gone ; justice is but checked by thee. Thou'rt a very knave, a stupid ass, a mushroon philosopher, sprung up since yesterday ! My sword shall be the law, and you shall have your just deserts for this ; but now, get thee to thy talmud, sage, and enjoy the hour I grant thee. [*Exit.*

*Rus* Alas ! the youth's mind is not open to conviction. He should study Aristotle and Horace Greeley. Well, I'll go and complete my commentary on Blackstone. How the world's heart will palpitate, when 'tis published.

SCENE III.—*A room in Northwood Hall.* WINTER ROUELLE, *alone.*

*Rou* No, I've entered the lists,
And I'll not be timorous in the encounter,
For I have sworn to sonsummate my vow.
And I am blameless, for revenge is planted in my blood, my soul,
Crying, be merciless, ruin, kill, destroy, when I do pause.
Since this is fixed then stand it so,
Be my delight another's woe.
But soft—who comes now ?

*Enter* DELMAN.

You look excited, Roger.
All goes well, I trust ?

*Del* Per contra, sir ; all is lost.

*Rou* How, sirrah ! you have not been incautious ?

*Del* Not I, alone ;
We both were so at the cave last night :
We had an eavesdropper.

*Rou* 'Sdeath and furies, no !—you do mistake.
What, discovered ? I'm growing dizzy at the thought.
Where learned you this ?

*Del* At the 'squires'; 'twas there I found
That measures have been taken to cause your arrest.
You are charged with murder.

*Rou* And by whom ? Oh ! let death and destruction
Also light upon the spying devil's soul.

Who makes the charge?
But hold—I will not tarry here.
We are not safe.
*Del* There's no danger near;
It will take 'em an hour to get here.
The person's name is Walter Barclay!
*Rou* Hold, Delman, you do but jest,
And I'll not endure it.
Barclay's at camp, and his wounds, e'en now,
Are loudly crying at death's door
For the passage of his soul to eternity.
*Del* Let me undeceive you.
I had scarce delivered your orders to the 'squire,
When Barclay came rushing in the room.
*Rou* Why didn't you shoot him, Delman?
*Del* The place was unfit;
I rather sprung within a closet
And learnt his errand thither.
All is lost; all is lost.
*Rou* Oh, fools, fools that were we,
Not to hunt him down when he was at the cave.
And I remember now that you are quite to blame for't, Roger;
You stayed the search. Oh, hell, to lose him thus;
And now to lose the quarry that I so long have struggled for.
But no, I will not, no! Come, haste with me,
And let's secure the girl,
And force her with us o'er the river.
*Del* An instant, sir. Now, as I think on't,
A plan arises in my mind.
Why couldn't we waylay Barclay
As he comes from the 'Squire's?
*Rou* Ha, ha, ha! Then you left him there?
Oh, Roger, good Roger, by my soul thou'rt acute.
Yes, well thought of; we'll meet him at the crossing.
There he shall stay! Come, come, let's go.
*Del* But the night has passed
Since we met there at the cave.
A long time for him to tattle in!
*Rou* Delman, cease this torture;
My heart is stilled 'twixt fear and rage.
Then all is useless, useless. Oh, misery!
*Del* Ha, be assured, Captain, for, as I reflect on what he said,
I can assert that Barclay is the only one
Who knows what has transpired of late,
Save the 'Squire, to whom I gave the watchword.
Barclay, I remember now, did use these words:
I have not told it to another;
From the place I heard it, straightway came I here.
*Rou* Oh, then come, Roger, come,

Let's meet him and slay him.
Kind prince of darkness, I thank thee for this.
Come, Roger, come, let's go.

*Del* What, and leave the bird in open cage,
With no one near to guard the egress?

*Rou* No, Roger, no; ruin seize me!
You must stay behind,
For I am well prepared to cope with him alone.
Here; take this key; it stays her in the parlor yonder.

*Del* No, I'd rather go with you and be in the fight.
Let Balsam stay; he is at hand. Hey, ho, Balsam!

*Enter* TIMOTHY.

*Tim* On the spot, sir.

*Rou* Balsam, I think you are the man for me,
Your eye is clear and stern.
And, I take it, you are not chicken-hearted.

*Tim* Bedad, yer honir, that's so,
Minny's the mon I've laid low wid me shillelah.

*Rou* Enough; here, take this pistol,
And here's a purse of gold, which is your own
If you do as I command ye.

*Tim* An' faix the gould has got the swatest tinkle.
Yis, yer honir, I'm riddy fur yees!

*Rou* Your duty is to guard the girl imprisoned in this house.
Let no man enter here; and hark ye, if Barclay should appear
Sight for his heart and shoot him as ye would a dog.
Till we return, remain you here
With ear intent on every passing sound,

*Tim* An' sure the job's in good hands.

*Rou* 'Tis well; Roger, come;
Haste we to the crossing. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*A forest. Enter* DELMAN *and* ROUELLE.

*Rou* Think you that we shall meet him, Roger?

*Rog* Aye, the place is near; press on.

*Rou* Hold, Roger;—dost mark this aged oak?

*Rog* Aye, 'tis old as time and rotten at the pith;

*Rou* 'Tis there a murder was committed.

*Rog* A murder! when? by whom?

*Rou* Revenge! One evening, years ago,
It met its victim in this lonely wood,
And drawing forth a dagger, swore to stab him
If he cursed not and abjured his creator.
To save his life, he at length complied.
Revenge then plunged the poinard in his heart,
And thus its deadly oath fulfilled,

For the body and soul of its enemy
Were caused to perish at a single stroke

*Rog* Most horrible—what, with no plea for mercy on his lips?

*Rou* Not to heaven; but to man he whispered,
*Spare dear Maud*! List, that voice!

*Voice* Hold, most wretched man,
Desist in thy mad purpose,
War not against thy soul.

*Rou* Ha, Geoffry: my enemy's voice!

*Del* What spirit hath possessd thee, Captain?
All seems clear. Come, Barclay will escape us.

*Rou* True; let's hasten on. The place is damned.
Did I speak of a murder?

*Del* Hist, and prepare for one? 'tis Barclay's step.
Stand back till he be fairly in the snare.
Ha; 'tis he; look how he scowls and grasps his sword.
This for thee: [*Fires a pistol.*
He stands uninjured and amazed.

*Enter* WALTER BARCLAY.

*Wal* Stand forth, assassin, and fight like a man,
Ha, two of thee!

*Rou* We are thine enemies, damned spy,
And ye shall perish now.

*Wal* Come, for I would meet thee, traitors,
Though thy name were legion; let's to it.

[*They fight.* ROUELLE *is disarmed. Engaging with* DELMAN, WALTER *stumbles and* DELMAN *closes upon him.*

*Rou* Hold, Roger, I command you, hold!
Make him a prisoner; his life shall serve me yet.

SCENE V.—*A room in Northwood Hall. Enter* ROUELLE *and* DELMAN.

*Del* Well, Captain, the youth is caged,
And in the cell below can give his thoughts to meditation.
Heigho, he taxed my sword arm to the marrow,
And I do think he would have forced us to the cry for quarter,
Had he not stumbled; his heart is game,
And I will wager this true blade
That if his arms were free, he'd batter down
The adamantine walls that now immure him.

*Rou* No, he cannot.

*Del* Aye, but did'st mark him as we turned away?
From dumb despair his look changed to defiance
And spoke the words his caution would not utter.
Leave me alone here but an hour, it said, and I will undermine thee.

*Rou* I must look to it, Roger, before we go,
I think you said the 'squire is sure to be on hand here, when we come?
*Del* Yes, Captain; count on him;
The old ass will be on the scratch when time's called.
*Rou* Then let us soon depart, for nothing is undone
That can ensure myself an easy triumph here,
Nor shall there be at camp, for Trellon's onset upon Barratier,
Delman, call Tim.
*Del* Heigho, Tim, ho!

*Enter* TIM.

*Rou* Well, is your prisoner safe?
*Tim* She is, an' sure.
*Rou* How know ye so?
*Tim* Bedad she's cryin' like to kill; and jist now since
She made a shrake that split the ears of mees.
*Del* Perchance she saw us leading Barclay hither.
*Rou* Most like—ha, 'tis pitiful to keep her there,
And, as I do think on't, my will relents.
*Tim* An' faix, yer honir, if its no great shakes you'll be afther gettin' by't, I'd let her go.
*Rou* [*Aside.*] The bait hath drawn him out—
Fool! ye are not here to give conditions,
But to put thy hand to bloody work.
Do you falter?—are ye heart sick?
*Tim* The divil a bit, yer honir; I says as you says;
If you says kill, I kills.
*Rou* Aye, mark and obey me well, for if you fail—
But no, you must not, will not, for here's a greater fee for you,
Do you prove true; and again I charge ye
To keep the girl imprisoned there till we this night return.
Go you now and get our horses ready, whilst we repast.
*Tim* Yes, yer honir. [*Exit.*
*Rou* What think you, Roger; can I rely on him?
*Del* Aye, to the end, Captain,
For the golden reward hath armored him against affection's arrows.
*Rou* So it seems; but come;
Join me in a bumper to our cause's success.

SCENE VI.—*In the rear and midway of the stage, the exterior of a cell. Behind its grated window,* WALTER BARCLAY *is discovered, through the darkness, leaning on the sill, lost in thought.*

*Enter* MARION HAMILTON, *pale and trembling, and with hair disheveled.*

*Mar* Oh, Heaven, give courage to my heart, and lead me on.

But whither? It was Walter's step and form; I know 'twas he they led.
Perhaps they brought him here and have left him in these gloomy walls to die
Alas! my soul is wrecked upon a sea of trouble.
List, that groan. Walter!

*Wal* Hark; an angel's voice I hear.

*Mar* All gracious powers, 'tis he; dear Walter.

*Wal* A kiss, dear love; I can no more; my arms are bound.
Oh! this is the very gall of wretchedness; to meet you thus; to see thy sorrow.
Oh, do not chide me, Marion.

*Mar* Chide thee! and for what? I rather thank heaven
That I am once more privileged to bless you.
Alas, Walter, poor Claude is dead!

*Wal* Mourn his death no more; you are deceived.

*Mar* He lives!—but no, this ring, this letter, Walter.

*Wal* It was writ by Claude, 'tis true,
But he afterwards escaped and now is at the cottage.
We knew your danger, and hither I was hastening to your rescue,
When I met and fought our enemies in the woods adjacent,
And, unhappy fate, was conquered by them.

*Mar* And were you injured, Walter? I heard your groans.

*Wal* No, Marion; it was from my heart's anguish that they came.
I thought of thee; but you are free from danger now.
[*A noise within.*
Hark! they are not gone—the hasty step—the bitter curse—
The frequent shout—these, Marion, proclaim thy flight discovered.
Oh, Marion, do not tarry here, but fly, fly, while yet you may,
Once gain the nearest woods and you are safe from harm.

*Mar* And leave thee here alone, dear Walter?
No, my flight were but the signal for thy death.

*Wal* And thy presence is the fiat to my madness.
Oh, Marion, go, I charge thee, go!
My doom is fixed and may not be averted.
But to thee two ways lie open: let thy choice be quick.
Fly, and 'tis life, to mourn the death of one you loved!
Remain, and to us both come ruin, death, despair.
If you love me, go.

*Mar* Alas, I would not live when you are gone.
I know not what to do.

*Wal* Hark, that noise again!
Oh, 'tis like a death knell to my ear.
Marion, will you go?

*Mar* Oh, Walter, do not force me from thee,
But let me stay and comfort thee.
'Tis in the hour of darkness that love's glory most doth shine.

*Wal* If this be love, this mad'ning, living death,

Then do I love the, Marion. Oh, when I in terror look on thee,
And think how near thou stand'st on ruin's threshold,
Methinks my single arm with strength of Samson should be nerved,
And snap these bars asunder. Alas, I am powerless to save thee.

*Mar* Walter, I'll go, though the shade of coming misery
Has fallen on my soul. We'll part; but take this:

*Wal* Ha, a stiletto—a silent witness of thy heavenly purity,
For no villain's blood yet hath dimmed its brightness.
But no, I pray you keep it; it may yet befriend thee,
It cannot save me.

*Mar* Alas, we may never meet again, dear Walter.
Oh must we, must we part forever?

*They Embrace and* MARION *slowly retires from the cell. Unable to proceed, she pauses an instant, and totters back to the grated window.*

*Wal* Oh bitter sweetness: happy misery!

*Mar* Walter, I cannot go: here I will stay and die.
Why should I wish to live? my waking thoughts forever haunted,
My dreams made hideous, by this last scene!

*Wal* Oh heaven, Marion, conceal yourself—
Alas, it is too late, too late. Oh fatal day.

*Enter* WINTER ROUELLE.

*Rou* Shake off thy vapors, soul, bright flame of love, gleam on,
For my heart's lost shepherdess is found!

*He is about to clasp her in his arms, when she draws the stiletto and keeps him at bay.*

*Mar* Demon, lay not thy hands upon me!

*Thus they stand, when* ROGER DELMAN *enters by the side opposite* ROUELLE, *and, unseen by* MARION, *cautiously approaches and grasps her hand from behind.*

*Wal* Vile traitors, unhand her!

*Rou* Desist, mad spirit; thou art entombed.
And prithee, why so angry, boy? this beauteous maid is mine.
So come, my foiled one; let's to our chamber now.

*Wal* Spare her, oh, spare her, for she is innocent and pure.

*Rou* Would'st give thy life to save her?

*Wal* My life? a thousand times; oh relent and spare her.
Aye, take forth my heart, for it is dross,
Though rich if it her freedom buys.
Oh, spare her.

*Rou* Fond youth, desist; you cannot move me.
Release her? Never! Though chaste Diana pled for her,

And, to void the act by fear of evils which might light on it,
Should picture plagues and horrors, whose contemplation bare
Would freeze the blood and make the inmost soul recoil,
Still would I cry, revenge!
For it infects and consumes my being,
And here I swear, it shall not be dislodged,
Till death's cold hand shall seize me.

*Del* Beauty and love doth ever make men blind to reason.

*Rou* No more, but come.

*Wal* My curse, my curse, upon thee.
Marion, adieu;—poor girl!
Methinks that e'en the angels should lament and weep for thee.
Adieu, adieu forever.

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## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A darkened room at Woodlawn Cottage, where* CLAUDE *is discovered, reclining.*

*Clau* How now? Ah, 'tis night, and I'm alone;
Or do I vaguely wander in a dream?

*Din* Oh, it's a dream mas'r, it's a dream.

*Clau* Ah, Dinah?

*Din* Yas, mas'r; is you any better?

*Clau* Have I been ill?
But tell me, where is Marion?

*Din* At de Hall, I reckons, mas'r.

*Clau* Why, has not Walter yet returned? Tell me the hour.

*Din* De hour's in de middle de arternoon, mas'r.

*Clau* And they not here!

*Din* No, mas'r, not one; for, you see, in de fust place, mas'r Walter didn't come back, so Nellie goes to see de 'squire to know de reason. In de second place, she didn't come back, and then, 'bout two hour ago, de heart of missus get tired of waitin'. She go to dis yere window dere, an' say, O, how suspenseful to my bosom is dis fear; I cannot bear it longer; so she suit de action to de wud and went off to de Hall.

*Clau* This indeed is fearful, fearful. [*Aside.*
Why, 'tis plain there's murder in the air.
Perhaps the doors of Northwood Hall
Are metamorphosed into jaws of death, where all who enter, perish.
Arise, then, and to the rescue or else to common sepulchre with them.
Dinah, I'll to thee Hall; tell John to saddle Duke for me.

*Enter* JOHN.

*John* I'se here, I'se here. O, mas'r, dis has been about de wustest day dis nigger eber seed.

*Clau* Ah, John, and why?

*John* Yer see, mas'r, 'bout noon to-day it look like blowin' up a storm, so I go to get de cow which was in de pastur', near de great high road. I dribes her from de field, an' when I reach de road, she takes de frights an' run.

*Clau* And what caused this?

*John* She seed two horsemen comin' towards us, like de debil on a wild colt, and scuddin' to de medder, she slump down in de mud.

*Clau* Two horsemen! Describe them to me.

*John* One was dark 'plected man, wid long sword an' gorg'us sodger clothes, and de odder was de smaller man, wid sticker, too.

*Clau* And their horses?

*John* De fust one rid gray calv'y hos, an' de odder a hos which look like one ob yours, but they go so killin' fast I wouldn't swar 'twas.

*Clau* In what direction were they going?

*John* S'uth'ly, mas'r, and soon as dey got out of sight, I——

*Clau* Hold, enough; the enemy has flown, [*Aside.*
And by the gods my stars are tragic now.
They put me in extremity—to Hall, or camp?
Alas, I feel that I can do no service there,
And to camp I'll haste and send these ruthless traitors to their doom,
Ere they have time to consummate their treachery.
John, come with me; I'll to horse without delay.

*John* Yas, mas'r, yas. [*Exit* CLAUDE *and* JOHN.

*Din* By golly, thar's mischief brewin' all dis day.

SCENE II.—*The exterior of Northwood Hall. At an open window, in the upper story,* ADAM GOODMAN *is discovered. Emerging therefrom, he descends upon a rope.*

*Good* Thanks to a good constitution, I'm still livin', though it cost a deal o' time and tuggin' to slip them pesky cords which Marion's buzzom friend saw fit to bind me with. These is the times that tries men's souls. I looks down, and the pebbles I twig below don't look no bigger nor a good sized mud turtle, and Tom, our cat, don't look no bigger nor a flea. Scat Tom! Ha, ha, see how he runs. I reckons I looks slightooaly sublime at this height from the ground. Poor Marion, I wonder what's happened to her, but I'll soon know; so glory, glory, hallalujah, as I go slippin' down.—Naow, I'll stop here, at this window, and draw her here by rappin'.

SCENE III.—*A chamber, where* MARION *is discovered.*

*Good* [*Without.*] Marion!
*Mar* Who is it calls my name?

*Enter* GOODMAN *through the window.*

*Good* Marion!
*Mar* Oh, 'tis Goodman's voice; and, blest sight, 'tis he.
*Good* Yes, my pretty bird, it's Goodman; my poor, poor little darling. Oh, that I should live to see you come to this!
*Mar* Be not so sad, dear Goodman, for I am yet unharmed.
*Good* Thank heaven, thank heaven! I feared the worst.
*Mar* Speak softly, Goodman; without, there is a man on guard.
*Good* I know it, Marion, and he must be removed; it's death to one of us, he or I.
*Mar* No, Goodman; it were folly to attack him, for he is armed.
*Good* Very true, but I can spring on him and spread him out before he knows it.
*Mar* List, Goodman; I have a better plan; we'll organize a victory,
For the easier way is, to me, the better.
Goodman, you must disguise yourself in my apparel
*Good* Ha, ha, ha, me? that's a good un, that's a good un.
Wouldn't I look dashin' in a gals rig? ha, ha, ha.
*Mar* Do not laugh, Goodman, but do your part and the stratagem succeeds.
He has not seen me: and in the darkness, your looks cannot be scrutinized.
Meet him, and first disarming his suspicion, then disarm him;
Now don't refuse me, Adam, if you love me.
*Good* But where's the gown a comin' from?
Yours would be a rod too short and small for me.
But then I might put on a zoo zoo and a skart.
*Mar* Leave it to me, Goodman.
*Good* Well, supposin' ye gets me up in shape, what am I to do?
Shall I play the love sick gal, and pin him that way?
*Mar* The rest I'll leave to you; but be wary whilst you seem confiding.
*Good* Ha, Marion, you've learnt a lesson since last night.
But come, let's lose no time; put on my rig and I'll venture out to meet him.
If he suspects me, I'll flatten him to once;
If not, I'll try on him the power o' love and wine.

SCENE IV.—*Enter* TIM *with* GOODMAN *disguised as a woman.*

*Good* Does you love me, Timmy?

*Tim* Yis, me darlint, I loves you. You've got a pretty mug, and you seems the jintlist gal I've mit this long while since.

*Good* I've always been gay, until to-day, when I met that cruel man. I wish I loved him as I do you, most noble Timmy; I am so sad! Oh, Timmy console me, comfort me, even with a kiss.

*Tim* Its a quare mon that would say no to yees.

*Good* Oh, I'm in the 'lysian fields o' pleasure, and nothin' shorter. I'm in a world o' sweet. I've tasted o' love's honey. But I'm thirsty yet; so give me a glass o' water, Timmy, if you please.

*Tim* Tush, me darlint; ye desarves a betther drink.

*Good* I do feel faint; love always makes me mellow.

*Tim* Thin come and get a drink wid mees. Be gorra, the Cap'n's got the kay to the box. Shill I smash the thing?

*Good* Yes, my dear; get that shovel and stave it in for me. That's right. Ah, here's some brandy, very old and fine; of Cognac vintage, here's sherry wine, both pale and brown, and there's some Irish whiskey.

*Tim* Away wid 'em; St. Croix's the stuff for mees.

*Good* And I will take some malmsey. I'll pour for you. You wants few nippers here below but wants your nippers strong. Eh, my love?

*Tim* Yis, me darlint, the wather spiles the flavor.

*Good* Then here, my brave un; take this, flavorin' it with another kiss. I likes to hang upon your lips, my dear, you is so eloquent. Come, now, my dear, and let us take a hop and a skip around the room.

*Tim* What, me gal, with niver a fiddle nare us?

*Good* Let the fiddles break their strings, for I hears good music from my Timmy's lungs; yes, my dear, the music of the spears is not so ravishing as your voice; so come, let's canter on. [*They dance.*] Hold, I'm getting faint, so let's set down and rest;—that's right, set up close to me an' hug me; and let me hear you talk: I likes to hear your dulcet accents.

*Tim* You has got an illegant mug, and your jolly ways has took the heart of mees; you's got the swatest tongue; but can ye sing?

*Good* Jest a little; up'ards from a squeak to an opera; some'at like a lark in a teapot

*Tim* Sing a little, thin, my darlint.

*Good* Aye, that will I:

Mine own Tim Balsam wants a song,
  Then wake, my muse, and spin one!
In lively thoughts the strain prolong,
  Since now and laughter are of kin one!
Let's upward mount on fancy's wing,
  Catch pleasure as she flies,
While to the deuce our cares we fling,
  As higher, higher, up we rise.

CHORUS.

Then farewell clouds, and welcome fun,
Be merry while you may,
When summer melts away our gloom,
Think not of *Winter's* sway!

How d'ye like that?

*Tim* Bedad, it makes me wild; ye desarves a salute for it, my darlint.

*Good* Oh, Timmy, what's that in your hand; a pistol?

*Tim* Yis, my darlint—hic.

*Good* Is it loaded?

*Tim* Yis—hic—my gal.

*Good* Oh, don't stay here with me then. I am so skeery. Come, let me put it on the mantle.

*Tim* Yis my darlint—hic—take it, if ye likes.

*Good* [*Receiving the pistol.*] Now come, come on ye pesky knave that meditates my ruin, for Goodman is himself again!

*Tim* What's that?—Hic—give me my pistol!

*Good* Fool, hold thy peace, or I'll send a bullet through your fuddled head!

*Tim* What's that ye say?

*Good* Down, varlet, and beg for grace or you're a dead man.

*Tim* O, don't shoot mees, don't shoot mees!

*Good* Knave, you see that closet there. Now, if you don't want to be shot, jest put yourself inside it whilst I count three. Start, start, d'ye see? One—two—

*Tim* Yis, yis. I'll go, I'll go there. [*Exit* TIM.

*Good* Good, I've locked ye up jest in time, for there's a knocking at the door.

*Enter* 'SQUIRE RUSTER.

*Good* Look a here, now, old boy, who said ye might walk in here 'ithout leave or license?

*Rus* What is your standing, or, I might say, position in society?

*Good* Its none o' your pesky biznez, I might say and do say.

*Rus* Beware, young woman, what language you address to me, for I am Captain Claybrook's friend, and am here to wed him to the girl he loves.

*Good* Oho, you've come to splice Marion, have ye? I see, I see! Wal, now, d'ye pretend to say that such a little chap as you, can tie a knot?

*Rus* Young woman, I have a slight sprinkling of gray in my hair.

*Good* Ergo, I must be respectful to ye. Wal, old boy, say, what are ye goin' to do with that 'ere green thing, that bag there, in yer hand? Been out ches'nuttin', eh?

*Rus* Alas, what ignorance. Nuts? no, its filled with ideas.

*Good* 'Guess that's where ye carry all of your'n, for its my opinion

that you're an addle pated coot, with no more brains in your skull than an oyster's got.

*Rus* Out upon thee, bold young woman ; it's a vile slander of my fair fame. All my colleagues call me clear in head and profound in argument.

*Good* Come now, let's decide your parts. The question for discussion shall be : was it wise in ye to come here this evenin' ? I listens, sir.

*Rus* Why, young woman, your question is a syllogism, for here are the premises, and from these premises will follow the conclusion. Therefore, it was wise ; you see, you see. Nay, more, I enjoyed the cool breezes,—

*Good* That's blowin' through the treezes. Good, go on.

*Rus* I enjoyed the cool breezes, as I came across the dewy fields.

*Good* There's poesy in ye. Good, go on.

*Rus* Furthermore, I shall get an appetite for breakfast. Therefore. observe, it was wise. and the bench must declare for me.

*Good* Hold your decision, Judge ; I argies on the other side ; I takes the negative, and say that you're a fool, for Claybrook is worsted, and I'm the friend of all he hates, and the foe of all he likes !

*Rus* What ? Why, you astonish me.

*Good* In course I does, but you needn't back out on't so fast. I've got ye, you rogue, you villain, you sneak, you cutpurse ! Take that ; take that ; this shovel fits you well.

*Rus* Oh, stop, stop !

*Good* I'll give ye an appetite for breakfast ; take that, and take that Gadzooks, man, you'll make the ruin of my little darlin', a relish for your toast and 'taters, will ye ? Take that, and take that.

*Rus* In the name of the Commonwealth of these United States, I bid you——

*Good* Oh, you needn't bid ; I'd auction you without reserve for a penny postage stamp.

*Rus* Vile being, I command——

*Good* Oh, ye dew. dew ye ? By what right ? Does you argy by comparison or syllogism ? Is you of the nobility ? Where was light first admitted to them peepers gray ?

*Rus* I was born in Virginia, and I command——

*Good* Oho, we've got a chivalry among us ; we've got a chivalry among us ! In what county was ye born ?

*Rus* In Fairfax county. and I trace my blood across the planks of the Mayflower down to the Invasion of England by Julius Cæsar.

*Good* And I'll warrant me old Julius stuck his toad sticker in the bellies of yer ancestry ; so let me imitate his wise example.

*Rus* Oh, don't touch me with that sword.

*Good* If 'twas mine. I would, but as 'tis Walter Barclay's, I won't disgrace the blade with your foul blood. But start, old boy, start ; get in this closet here beside my other specimen.

[ *Rus* Who is that man, there? Why, it is Timothy!

*Tim* Bedad, ould gal, if ye locks him here wid mees, I'll murther him.

*Good* All right, my hearties, fight it out together, kill each other, and save the hangman a job. Come, sir syllogism, go in and try conclusions on these premises. There you are; the cat caged with the anaconda. Now for the cell where Walter is confined!

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## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A camp. In the foreground, a tent. Before it, slowly pacing,* WINTER ROUELLE *is discovered. The music of fife and drum is heard in the distance.*

*Rou* Dear night is come, and nothing works amiss,
For the ass in quiet sleeps, but the fox is free.
Would that the time were come to track my course—
'Tis time I heard from Roger; I bade him enter camp soon after me.
Ah, sergeant, stay, I'd speak with you.

*Enter* SERGEANT.

You passed the tent of Colonel Barratier, I think.

*Serg* Yes, Captain; it was noised among us
That Roger Delman had returned from t'other side,
And I went there to meet him, as he left the Colonel.

*Rou* His mission, I hope, has not proved fruitless.

*Serg* Alas, it has; he brings no news of Claude.

*Rou* Poor youth, I fear that he is dead!
And now must I lament another friend departed.
But the cause in which he died was noble, glorious.
What said the Colonel unto Delman?

*Serg* He praised him for his bravery, and will promote him.
But see; a horseman comes; a friend, I'll wager,
For the boys shout welcome to him; I'll join them, too.
[*Exit* SERGEANT

*Rou* What means this?—a courier, perchance, from headquarters.
Yes, for he alights before the Colonel's tent.
I would I knew his errand thither.

*Enter* ROGER DELMAN.

*Rog* [*Aside*] Cursed fate, that I should stumble on ye here.

*Rou* Whither so fast, good Roger?
I've had an eye fixed on the passing scene.
Whither so fast, I say?
*Rog* Then you know who's come?
*Rou* No; what means this frightful stare? Speak!
*Rog* Ask not me, but to horse, and fly, for all's up with us.
And see!—the Colonel leads him in, and the story'll soon be told.
To horse, and fly!
*Rou* From what? Are we discovered?
Tell me, whom bear they in?
*Rog* Let me go, and I'll tell you hereafter.
Damn you, let me go!
*Rou* No common danger thus could move you, Roger.
But I'll have the truth from you.
Speak; is't Walter Barclay?
*Rog* Not now; not now.
*Rou* Out with it, man, or I'll run you through.
*Rog* Not now, I say: they'll be upon us soon.
*Rou* Come Barratier with all his men,
I'll fly not till I know my danger.
Is it Walter Barclay?
*Rog* No, 'tis— tis—Claude Hamilton!
*Rou* Claude Hamilton!
Then down, false soul to black perdition!
*Rog* No, not then—and hold; would you kill me?
I'm your friend.
*Rou* But sought to leave me to my fate.
Death to such goodness, cries my honest sword.
Have at thee.
*Rog* Oh, I'm stabbed—I'm stabbed. [*He falls.*
Tis ever thus; the hand that eggs us on, will be the first
To strike the death-blow when we stumble.
*Rou* Cursed fate, ye have undone me.
Oh, fool, fool was I to put my trust in him.
Yet give not o'er, ambitious hope, for by the gods, I swear, ye are not vain.
I'll to horse and to the Hall, and wreaking vengeance on the spy,
Fly o'er the river with my love.
Revenge, keep heart and be daunted not
Till I have turned thy misery to bliss! [*Exit.*

*A shouting within. Enter* OFFICERS *and* SOLDIERS.

*Offi* Where are the traitors? hunt them down.
*Sol* Death to them; death to them—where are they?
*Serg* I left him here before his tent; let's look within.
*Rog* Comrades, look no further; he is not there.
*Serg* Who speaks? who is this?

*Rog* Delman now ; a spirit soon,
For I have got the stab that speeds it.

*Enter* CLAUDE HAMILTON.

*Clau* It is Delman's voice I hear. Roger, where is Claybrook ?
*Rog* Hark ye, Claude—the chill night air
Bears a faint sound towards us from the North.
Dost hear it ?
*Clau* Aye, 'tis the clatter of hoofs.
*Rog* Your enemy has flown ; 'tis Claybrook bound for the Hall,
Where Marion and Barclay are imprisoned
*Clau* Friends and comrades, come, to horse with me and pursue him.
*Sold* Aye, let's all to horse with him.
Come, boys come. [*Exit men.*
*Offi* Hold, Claude ; what would you do ?
You cannot keep your saddle.
*Clau* Good friend, aside ; I'll on his course again.
For while I live, I'll live for my country and my friends.
[*Exit* CLAUDE.
*Offi* How is it with you, Roger ?
Ha, that ghastly face—he is dead.

SCENE II.—MARION HAMILTON *in the attitude of anxious Expectation, standing near the door of her chamber.*

*Mar* The sound of revelry has ceased, but Adam does not come.
Alas, I fear the stratagem has failed ; oh, what shall I do ?
I'll venture forth and learn my destiny.
Stay, there's a hasty step upon the landing.
Perchance 'tis Walter.

*Enter* WINTER ROUELLE.

*Rou* Dear one, be not amazed.
*Mar* Oh, why have you come here, sir ?
*Rou* Why ?—to doat upon thy face, dear love, and clasp thee, thus.
*Mar* Oh, Heaven, protect me now.
*Rou* Aye, and quickly, or it is too late.
Now come with me, chaste beauty, come ;
I'm here to take thee to Virginia's sacred soil,
And even now our boat lies waiting near ; come, I say,
Nay, but do not scream, for who can save thee now ?

*Enter* WALTER BARCLAY, *sword in hand.*

*Wal* False-hearted villain, I—I am her champion !
*Rou* Ha, cursed spy, and is it thou ?—Let's to it, then.
[*They fight.* ROUELLE *is wounded and staggers backward.*

*Wal* Are you conquered?
*Rou* My heart still beats; I'll to it again.
[*He receives a death-blow and falls.*
Revenge, revenge! time hath put his sickle at thy throat,
And oh, the end of thy desires ye have not seen.

*Enter* CLAUDE *and* GOODMAN, MRS BARCLAY *and* NELLIE.

*Rou* Ha, 'tis Claude!—he shall to death with me.

[*He regains his sword, and, working his way forward, makes a pass at* CLAUDE, *who keeps him at bay until he falls again.*

*Rou* I hate, I curse thee, all!—
Oh, these pangs; Death strikes me with his dart.
How dark it is around—
Back! back, ye cursed fiends; I *am* not yet undone!
[*He dies.*

THE END.

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